

# THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

APRIL 1912

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The Lonely Idol

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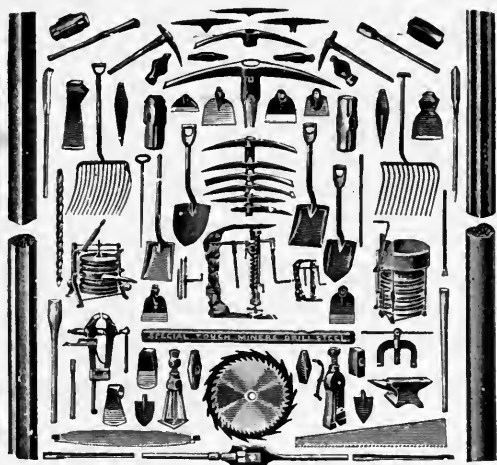
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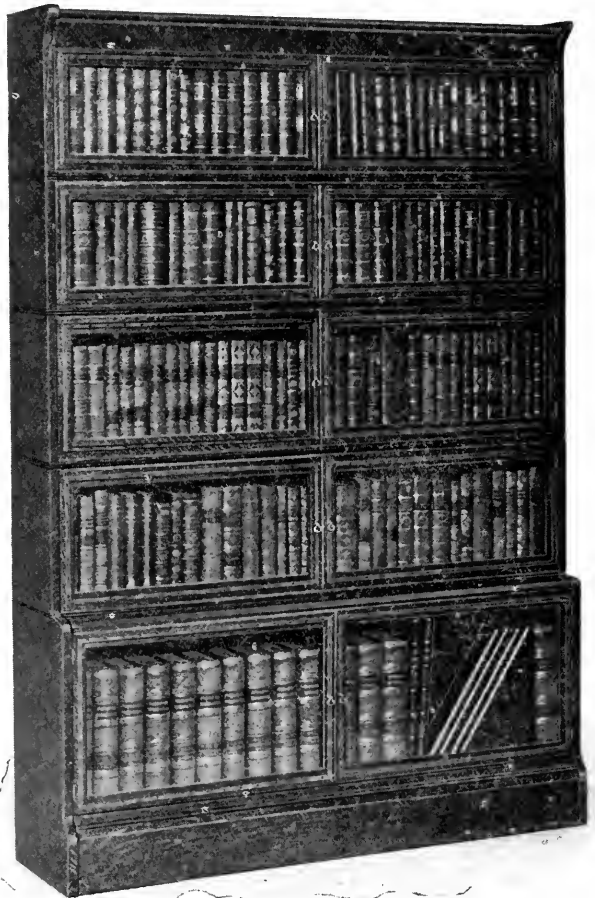
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# THE ENGLISH REVIEW

APRIL 1912

## Hypsipyle

By Maurice Hewlett

QUEEN of the shadows, Maid and Wife,  
Twifold in essence, as in life,  
The lamp of Death, the star of Birth,  
Half cradled and half mourned by Earth,  
By Hell half won, half lost! aid me  
To sing thy fond Hypsipyle,  
Thy bosom's mate who, unafraid,  
Renounced for thee what part she had  
In sun and wind upon the hill,  
In dawn about the mere, in still  
Woodlands, in kiss of lapping wave,  
In laughter, in love—all this she gave!—  
And shared thy dream-life, visited  
The sunless country of the dead,  
There to abide with thee, their Queen,  
In that gray region, shadow-seen  
By them that cast no shadows, yet  
Themselves are shadows. Nor forget,  
Koré, her love made manifest  
To thee, familiar of her breast  
And partner of her whispering mouth.

Thee too, Our Lady of the South,  
Uranian Kypris, I invoke,  
Regent of starry space, with stroke  
Of splendid wing, in whose white wake  
Stream those who, filled with thee, forsake

## THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Their clinging shroudy clots, and rise,  
Lover and loved, to thy pure skies,  
To thy blue realm! O lady, touch  
My lips with rue, for she loved much.

What poet in what cloistered nook,  
Indenting in what roll of a book  
His rhymes, can voice the tides of love?  
Nay, thrilling lark, nay, moaning dove,  
The nightingale's full-chargéd throat  
That cheereth now, and now doth gloat,  
And now recordeth bitter-sweet  
Longing, too wise to image it:  
These be your minstrels, lovers! Choose  
From their winged choir your urgent Muse;  
Let her your speechless joys relate  
Which men with words sophisticate,  
Striving by reasons make appear  
To head what heart proclaims so clear  
To heart; as if by wit to wis  
What mouth to mouth tells in a kiss,  
Or in their syllogisms dry  
Freeze a swift glance's cogency.  
Nay, but the heart's so music-fraught,  
Music is all in love, words naught.  
One heart's a rote, with music stored  
Though mute; but two hearts make a chord  
Of piercing music. One alone  
Is nothing: two make the full tone.

### I

On Enna's uplands, on a lea  
Between the mountains and the sea,  
Shadowed anon by wandering cloud,  
Or flickering wings of birds a-crowd,  
And now all golden in the sun,  
See Koré, see her maidens run  
Hither and thither through those hours  
Of dawn among the wide-eyed flowers,  
While gentian, crocus, asphodel  
(With rosy star in each white bell),



## HYPsipyle

Anemone, blood-red with rings  
Of paler fire, that plant that swings  
A crimson cluster in the wind  
They pluck, or sit anon to bind  
Of these earth-stars a coronet  
For their smooth-tresséd Queen, who yet  
Strays with her darling interlaced,  
Hypsipyle the grave, the chaste—  
Her whose gray shadow-life with his  
Who singeth now for ever is.

She, little slim thing, Koré's mate,  
Child-faced, gray-eyed, of sober gait,  
Of burning mind and passion pent  
To image-making, ever went  
Where wonned her Mistress ; for those two  
By their hearts' grace together grew  
The one to need, the one to give  
(As women must if they would live,  
Who substance win by waste of self  
And only spend to hoard their pelf :  
" O heart, take all of mine ! " " O heart,  
That which thou tak'st of thee is part—  
No robbery therefore : mine is thine,  
Take then ! " ) : so she and Proserpine  
Intercommunion'd each bright day,  
And when night fell together lay  
Cradled in arms, or cheek to cheek  
Whispered the darkness out. Thou meek  
And gentle vision ! let me tell  
Thy beauties o'er I love so well :  
Thy sweet low bosom's rise and fall,  
Pulsing thy heart's clear madrigal ;  
Or how the blue beam from thine eyes  
Imageth all love's urgencies ;  
Thy lips' frail fragrance, as of flowers  
Remembered in penurious hours  
Of winter-exile ; of thy brow,  
Not written as thy breast of snow  
With love's faint charact'ry, for his wing  
Leaves not the heart long ! Last I sing  
Thy thin quick fingers, in whose pleaching  
Lieth all healing, all good teaching—

## THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Wherewith, touching my discontent,  
I know how thou art eloquent !

Remember'd joy, Hypsipyle !  
Now may that serve to comfort me,  
While I, O Maiden dedicate,  
Seek voice for singing thy gray Fate !

Now, as they went, one heart in two,  
Brushed to the knees by flowers, by dew  
Anointed, by the wind caressed,  
By the light kissed on eyes and breast,  
'Twas Koré talked ; Hypsipyle  
Listened, with eyes far-set, for she  
Of speech was frugal, voicing low  
And rare her heart's deep underflow—  
Content to lie, like fallow sweet  
For rain or sun to cherish it,  
Or scattered seed substance to find  
In her deep-funded, quiet mind.  
And thus the Goddess : " Blest art thou,  
Hypsipyle, who canst not know  
Until the hour strikes what must come  
To pass ! But I foresee the doom  
And stay to meet it. Even here  
The place, and now the hour ! " Then fear  
Took her who spake so fearless, cold  
Threaded her thronging veins—behold !  
A hand on either shoulder stirs  
That slim, sweet body close to hers,  
And need fires need till, lip with lip,  
They seal and sign their fellowship,  
While Koré, godhead all forgot,  
Clings whispering, " Child, leave me not  
When as to darkness and the dead  
I go ! " And clear the answer sped  
From warm mouth murmuring kiss and cheer,  
" Never I leave thee, O my dear ! "  
Thereafter stand they beatingly,  
Not speaking ; and the hour draws nigh.

And all the land shows passing fair,  
Fair the broad sea, the living air,

## HYPSSIPYLE

The misty mountain-sides, the lake  
Flecked blue and purple ! To forsake  
These, and those bright flower-gatherers  
Scattered about this land of theirs,  
That stoop or run, that kneel to pick,  
That cry each other to come quick  
And see new treasure, unseen yet !  
Remembered joy—ah, how forget !

But mark how all must come to pass  
As was foreknowned. In the grass  
Whereas the Goddess and her mate  
Stood, one and other, prompt for fate ;  
Listless the first and heavy-eyed,  
Astrain the second ; she espied  
That strange white flower, unseen before,  
With chalice pale, which thin stalk bore  
And swung, as hanging by a hair,  
So fine it seemed afloat in air,  
Unlinked and wafted for the feast  
Of some blest mystic, without priest  
Or acolyte to tender it :  
Whereto the maid did stoop and fit  
Her hand about its silken cup  
To close it, that her mouth might sup  
The honey-drop within. The bloom  
Saw Koré then, and knew her doom  
Foretold in it ; and stood in trance  
Fixèd and still. No nigromance  
Used she, but read the fate it bore  
In seedless womb and petals froze.  
Chill blew the wind, waiting stood She,  
Waiting her mate, Hypsipyle.

Then in clear sky the thunder tolled  
Sudden, and all the mountains rolled  
The dreadful summons round, and still  
Lay all the lands, only the rill  
Made tinkling music. Once more drave  
Peal upon peal—and lo ! a grave  
Yawned in the Earth, and gushing smoke  
Belched out, as driven, and hung, and broke

## THE ENGLISH REVIEW

With sullen puff ; like tongues the flame  
Leapt following. Thence Aidoneüs came,  
Swart-bearded king, with iron crown'd,  
In iron mailed, his chariot bound  
About with iron, holding back  
Amain two steeds of glistening black  
And eyeballs white-rimmed fearfully,  
And nostrils red, and crests flying free ;  
Who held them pawing at the verge,  
Tossing their spume up, as the surge  
Flung high against some seaward bluff.  
Nothing he spake, or smooth or gruff,  
But drave his errand, gazing down  
Upon the Maid, whose blown back gown  
Revealed her maiden. Still and proud  
Stood she among her nymphs, unbowed  
Her comely head, undimmed her eye,  
Inseparate her lips and dry,  
Facing his challenge of her state,  
Neither denying, nor desperate,  
Pleading no mercy, seeing none,  
Her wild heart masked in face of stone.  
But they, her bevy, clustered thick  
As huddled sheep, set their eyes quick,  
And held each other, hand or waist,  
Paling or flushing as fear raced  
Thronging their veins—they knew not, they,  
The gathered fates that broke this day,

And all the land seemed passing fair  
To one who knew, and waited there.

“ Goddess and Maid,” then said the King,  
“ Long have I sought this day should bring  
An end of torment. Know me thou  
God postulant, with whom below  
A world awaits her queen, while here  
I seek and find one without peer ;  
Nor deem her heedless nor unschooled  
In what in Heaven is writ and ruled.  
Decreed of old my bride-right was,  
Decreed thy Mother’s pain and loss,

## HYPsipyle

Decreed thy loathing, and decreed  
That which thou shunnest to be thy need ;  
For thou shalt love me, Lady, yet,  
Though little liking now, and fret  
Of jealous care shall grave thy heart  
And draw thee back when time's to part—  
If fond Demeter have her will  
Against thine own."

The Maid stood still  
And guarded watched, and her proud eyes'  
Scrutiny bade his own advise  
Whether, indeed, their solemn stare  
Saw Destiny and read it there  
Beyond her suitor, or within  
Her own heart heard the message ring.  
Awhile she gazed : her stern aspect,  
Young and yet fraught with Godhead, checked  
Both Him who claimed, and her who'd cling,  
And them who wondered. "O great King,"  
She said, and mournful was her crying  
As when night-winds set pine-trees sighing,  
"King of the folk beyond the tide  
Of sleep, behold thy chosen bride  
Not shunning thee, nor seeking. Take  
That which Gods neither mar nor make,  
But only They, the Three, who spin  
The threads which hem and mesh us in,  
Both Gods and men, till she who peers  
The longest cuts them with her shears.  
Take, take, Aidoneüs, and take her,  
My fosterling."

Then He, "O star  
Of Earth, O Beacon of my days,  
Light of my nights, whose beamy rays  
Shall pierce the foggy cerement  
Wherein my dead grope and lament  
Beyond all loss the loss of light,  
Come! and be pleasant in my sight  
This thy beloved. Perchance she too  
Shall find a suitor come to woo ;

## THE ENGLISH REVIEW

For love men leave not with their bones—  
That is the soul's, and half atones  
And half makes bitterer their loss,  
Remembering what their fortune was."  
Trembling Hypsipyle uplift  
Her eyes towards the hills, where swift  
The shadows flew, but no more fleet  
Than often she with flying feet  
And flying raiment, she with these  
Her mates, whom now estranged she sees—  
As if the shadow-world had spread  
About her now, and she was dead—  
Her mates no more! cut off by fear  
From these two fearless ones. A tear  
Welled up and hovered, hung a gem  
Upon her eyelid's dusky hem,  
As raindrops linked and strung arow  
Broider with stars the winter bough.  
This was her requiem and farewell  
To them, thus rang she her own knell;  
Nor more gave she, nor more asked they,  
But took and went the fairy way.

For thus with unshed tears made blind  
Went she: thus go the fairy kind  
Whither fate driveth; not as we  
Who fight with it, and deem us free  
Therefore, and after pine, or strain  
Against our prison bars in vain;  
For to them Fate is Lord of Life  
And Death, and idle is a strife  
With such a master. They not know  
Life past, life coming, but life now;  
Nor back look they to long, nor forth  
To hope, but sup the minute's worth  
With draught so quick and keen that each  
Moment gives more than we could reach  
In all our term of three-score years,  
Whereof full score we give to fears  
Of losing them, and other score  
Dreaming how fill the twenty more.



## HYPSIPYLE

Now is the hour, Bride of the Night!  
The chariot turns, the great steeds fight  
The rocky entry ; flies the dust  
Behind the wheels at each fierce thrust  
Of giant shoulder, at each lunge  
Of giant haunch. Down, down they plunge  
Into the dark, with rioting mane,  
And the earth's door shuts-to again.  
Now fly, ye Oreads, strain your arms,  
Let eyes and hair voice your alarms—  
Hair blown back, mouths astretch for fear,  
Strained eyeballs—cry that Mother dear  
Her daughter's rape ; fly like the gale  
That down the valleys drives the hail  
In scurrying sheets, and lays the corn  
Flat, which when man of woman born  
Seeth, he bows him to the grass,  
Whispering in hush, *The Oreads pass*.  
(In shock he knows ye, and in mirth,  
Since he is kindred of that earth  
Which bore ye in her secret stress,  
Images of her loveliness,  
To her dear paramour the Wind).  
Follow me now that car behind.

## II

O ye that know the fairy throng,  
And heed their secret under-song,  
In flower or leaf's still ecstasy  
Of birth and bud their passion see,  
In wind or calm, in driving rain  
Or frozen snow discern them strain  
To utter and to be ; who lie  
At dawn in dewy brakes to spy  
The rapture of their flying feet—  
Follow me now those coursers fleet,  
Sucked in their wake, down ruining  
Through channelled night, where only sing  
The shrill gusts streaming through the hair  
Of them who sway and bend them there,

## THE ENGLISH REVIEW

And peer in vain with shielded eyes  
To rend the dark. Clinging it lies  
Thick as wet gossamer that shrouds  
October brushwoods, or low clouds  
That from the mountain tops roll down  
Into the lowland vales, to drown  
Men's voices and to choke their breath  
And make a silence like to death.  
But this was hot and dry; it came  
And smote them, like the gush of flame  
Fanned in a smithy, that outpours  
And floods with fire the open doors.  
Downward their course was, swift as flight  
Of meteor flaring through the night,  
Steady and dreadful, with no sound  
Of wheels or hoofs upon the ground,  
Nor jolt, nor jar; for once past through  
Earth's portals, steeds and chariot flew  
On wings invisible and strong  
And even-oaring, such as throng  
The nights when birds of passage sweep  
O'er cities and the folk asleep:  
Such was their awful flight. Afar  
Showed Hades glimmering like a star  
Seen red through fog; and as they sped  
To that, the frontiers of the dead  
Revealed their sullen leagues and bare,  
And sad forms flitting here and there,  
Or clustered, waiting who might come  
Their empty ways with news of home.  
Yet all one course at length must hold,  
Or late or soon, and all be tolled  
By Charon in his dark-prowed boat.  
Thither was swept the chariot  
And crossed dry-wheeled the coiling flood  
Of Styx, and o'er the willow wood  
And slim gray poplars which do hem  
The further shore, Hell's diadem—  
So by the tower foursquare and great  
Where King Aidoneüs keeps his state  
And rules his bodyless thralls they stand.

## HYPsipyle

Dark ridge and hollow showed the land,  
Fold over fold, like waves of soot  
Fixed in an anguish of pursuit  
For evermore, so far as eye  
Could range ; and all was hot and dry  
As furnace is which all about  
Etna scorcheth in days of drouth,  
And showeth dun and sinister  
That fair isle linked to main so fair.  
Nor tree nor herbage grew, nor sang  
Water among the rocks : hard rang  
The heel on metal, or on crust  
Grew tender, or went soft in dust ;  
Neither for beast nor bird nor snake  
Was harbourage ; nor could such slake  
Their thirst, nor from the bitter heat  
Hide, since the sun not furnished it ;  
But airless, shadowless and dense  
The land lay swooning, dead to sense  
Beneath that vault of stuprous black,  
Motionless hanging, without wrack  
Of cloud to break and pass, nor rent  
To hint the blue. Like the foul tent  
A foul night makes, it sagged ; for stars  
Showed hopeless faces, with two scars  
In each, their eyes' immortal woe,  
Ever to seek and never know :  
In all that still immensity  
These only moved—these and the sea,  
Which dun and sullen heaved, with surge  
And swell unseen, save at the verge  
Where fainted off the black to gray  
And showed such light as on a day  
Of sun's eclipse men tremble at.

Here the dead people moved or sat,  
Casting no shadow, hailing none  
Boldly ; but in fierce undertone  
They plied each other, or on-spied  
Their way with signal of the head  
For answer, or arms desperate  
Flung up, or shrug disconsolate.

## THE ENGLISH REVIEW

And this the quest of every one :  
"What hope have ye?" And answer, "None."  
Never passed shadow shadow but  
That answer got to question put.  
In that they lived, in that, alas!  
Lovely and hapless, Thou must pass  
Thy days, with this for added lot—  
Aching, to nurse things unforget.

Remember'd joy, Hypsipyle!  
The Oread choir, the Oread glee :  
The nimble air of quickening hills,  
The sweet dawn light that floods and fills  
The hollowed valleys ; the dawn wind  
That bids the world wake, and on blind  
Eyelids of sleeping mortals lays  
Cool palms that urge them see and praise  
The Day-God coming with the sun  
To hearten toil! He warned you run  
And hide your beauties deep in brake  
Of fern or briar, or reed of lake,  
Or in wet crevice of the rock,  
There to abide until the clock  
You reckon by, with shadowy hands,  
Lay benediction on the lands  
And landsmen, and the eve-jar's croak  
Summon ye, lightfoot fairy folk,  
To your activity full tide  
Over the empty earth and wide.  
Here be your food, fair nymph, and coy  
Of mortal ken—remember'd joy!

Remember'd joy! Ah, stormy nights,  
Ah, the mad revel when wind fights  
With wind, and slantwise comes the rain  
And shatters at the window-pane  
To wake the hind, who little knows  
Whose fingers drum those passionate blows,  
Nor what swift indwellers of air  
Ye be who hide in forms so fair  
Your wayward motions, cruel to us,  
While lovely, and dispiteous!

## HYPSSIPYLE

Ah, nights of flying scud and rout  
When scared the slim young moon rides out  
In her lagoon of open sky,  
Or older, marks your revelry  
As calm and large she oars above  
Your drifting lives of ruth or love.  
Boon were those nights of dusted gold  
And glint of fireflies ! Boon the cold  
And witching frost ! All's one, all's one  
To thee, whose nights and days go on  
Now in one span of changeless dusk  
On one earth, crackling like the husk  
Of the dropt mast in winter wood :  
Remember'd joy—'tis all thy food,  
Hypsipyle, to whose fond sprite  
I vow my praise while I have light.

Dumbly she wandered there, as pale  
With lack of light, with form as frail  
As those poor hollow congeners  
Whose searching eyes encountered hers,  
Petitioning as mute as she  
Some grain of hope, where none might be,  
Daring not yet to voice their moan  
To her whose case was not their own ;  
For where they go like breath in a shell  
That wails, my love goes quick in Hell.

Alas, for her, the sweet and slim !  
Slowly she pines ; her eyes grow dim  
With seeking ; her smooth, sudden breasts  
Hang languidly ; those little nests  
For kisses which her dimples were,  
In cheeks graved hollow now by care  
Vanish, and sharply thrusts her chin,  
And sharp her bones of arm and shin.  
Reproach she looks, about, above,  
Denied her light, denied her love,  
Denied for what she sacrificed,  
Doomed to be fruitless agonist.  
(O God, and I must see her fade,  
Must see and anguish—in my shade !)

## THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Nor help nor comfort gat she now  
From her whose need called forth her vow ;  
For close in arms Queen Koré dwelt  
In that great tower Aidoneüs built  
To cherish her ; deep in his bed,  
Loved as the Gods love whom they wed ;  
Turned from pale maiden to pale wife,  
Pale now with love's insatiate strife  
First to appease, and then renew  
The wild desire to mingle two  
Natures, to long, to seek, to shun,  
To have, to give, to make two one  
That must be two if they would each  
Learn all the lore that love can teach.  
So strove the mistress, while the maid  
Went alien among the dead,  
Unspoken, speaking none, but watched  
By them who knew themselves outmatched  
By her, translated whole, nor guessed  
What miseries gnawed within that breast,  
Which could be touched, which could give meat  
To babe ; which was not eye-deceit  
As theirs, poor phantoms. So went she  
Grudged but unscathed beside the sea,  
Or sat alone by that sad strand  
Nursing her worn cheek in her hand ;  
And did not mark, as day on day  
Lengthened the arch of changeless gray,  
How she was shadowed, how to her  
Stretched arms another prisoner ;  
Nor knew herself desirable  
By any thankless guest of Hell—  
Withal each phantom seemed no less  
Whole-natured to her heedlessness.

Midway her round of solitude  
She used to haunt a dead sea-wood  
Where among boulders lifeless trees  
Stuck rigid fingers to the breeze—  
That stream of faint hot air that flits  
Aimless at noon. 'Tis there she sits



## HYPsipyle

Hour after hour, and as a dove  
Croons when her breast is ripe for love,  
So sings this exile, quiet, sad chants  
Of love, yet knows not what she wants ;  
And singing there in undertone,  
Is one day answered by the moan  
Of hidden mourner ; but no fear  
Hath she for sound so true, though near ;  
Nay, but sings out her elegy,  
Which, like an echo, answers he.  
Again she sings ; he suits her mood,  
Nor breaks upon her solitude :  
So she, choragus, calls the tune,  
And as she leads he follows soon.  
As bird with bird vies in the brake,  
She sings no note he will not take—  
As when she pleads, “ Ah, my lost love,  
The night is dark thou art not of,”  
Quick cometh answering the phrase,  
“ O love, let all our nights be days ! ”  
This, rapt, with beating heart, she heeds  
And follows, “ Sweet love, my heart bleeds !  
Come, stay the wound thyself didst give ” ;  
Then he, “ I come to bid thee live.”  
And so they carol, and her heart  
Swell to believe his counterpart,  
And strophé striketh clear, which he  
Caps with his brave antistrophe ;  
And as a maiden waxes bold,  
And opens what should not be told  
When all her auditory she sees  
Within her mirror, so to trees  
And rocks, and sullen sounding main  
She empties all her passioned pain ;  
And “ love, love, love,” her burden is,  
And “ I am starving for thee,” his.  
Moved, melted, all on fire she stands,  
Holding abroad her quivering hands,  
Raises her sweet eyes faint with tears  
And dares to seek him whom she hears ;  
And from her parted lips a sigh  
Stealeth, as knowing he is nigh

## THE ENGLISH REVIEW

And her fate on her—then she'd shun  
That which she seeks ; but the thing's done.

Hollow-voiced, dim, spake her a shade,  
"O thou that comest, nymph or maid—  
If nymph, then maiden, since for aye  
Virgin is immortality,  
Nor love can change what Death cannot—  
Look on me by love new-begot ;  
Look on me, child new-born, nor start  
To see my form who knowest my heart ;  
For it is thine. O Mother and Wife,  
Take then my love—thou gavest it life !"

So spake one close : to whom she lent  
The wonder of her eyes' content—  
That lucent gray, as if moonlight  
Shone through a sapphire in the night—  
And saw him faintly imaged, rare  
As wisp of cloud on hillside bare,  
A filamental form, a wraith  
Shaped like that man who in the faith  
Of one puts all his hope : who stood  
Trembling in her near neighbourhood,  
A thing of haunted eyes, of slim  
And youthful seeming ; yet not dim,  
Yet not unmanly in his fashion  
Of speech, nor impotent of passion—  
The which his tones gave earnest of  
And his aspect of hopeless love ;  
Who, drawing nearer, came to stand  
So close beside her that one hand  
Lit on her shoulder—yet no touch  
She felt : "O maiden overmuch,"  
He grieved, "O body far too sweet  
For such as I, frail counterfeit  
Of man, who yet was once a man,  
Cut off before the midmost span  
Of mortal life was but half run,  
Or ere to love he had found one  
Like thee—yet happy in that fate,  
That waiting, he is fortunate :

## HYPsipyle

For better far in Hell to fare  
With thee than commerce elsewhere,  
Sharing the snug and fat outlook  
Of bed and board and ingle-nook  
With earth-bound woman, earth-born child.  
Nay, but high love is free and wild  
And centreth not in mortal things ;  
But to the soul giveth he wings,  
And with the soul strikes partnership,  
So may two let corruption slip  
And breasting level, with far eyes  
Lifted, seek haven in the skies,  
Untrammel'd by the earthly mesh.  
O thou," said he, " of fairy flesh  
Immortal prisoner, take of me  
Love ! 'tis my heritage in fee ;  
For I am very part thereof,  
And share the godhead."

So his love  
Pled he with tones in love well-skilled  
Which on her bosom beat and thrilled,  
And pierced. No word nor look she had  
To voice her heart, or sad or glad.  
Rapt stood she, wooed by eager word  
And by her need, whose cry she heard  
Above his crying ; but she guessed  
She was desired, beset, possessed  
Already, handfasted to sight,  
And yielding so, her heart she plight.

Thus was her mating : of the eyes  
And ears, and her love half surmise,  
Detected by her burning face  
Which saw, not felt his fierce embrace.  
For on her own she knew no hand  
When caging it he seemed to stand,  
And round her waist felt not the warm  
Sheltered peace of the belting arm  
She saw him clasp withal. When rained  
His words upon her, or eyes strained  
As though her inmost shrine to pierce  
Where hid her heart of hearts, her ears

## THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Conceived, although her body sweet  
Might never feel a young life beat  
And leap within it. Ah, what cry  
That mistress e'er heard poet sigh  
Could voice thy beauty? Or what chant  
Of music be thy ministrant?  
Since thou art Music, poesy  
Must both thy spouse and increase be!

In the hot dust, where lizards crouch  
And pant, he made her bridal couch;  
Thither down drew her to his side  
And, phantom, taught her to be bride  
With words so ardent, looks so hot  
She needs must feel what she had not,  
Guess herself in beleaguered bed  
And throb response. Thus she was wed.  
Love that with delicate tongues of fire  
Can kindle hearts inflamed desire  
In her for him who needed it;  
And so she claimed and by eyes' wit  
Had what she would: and now made war,  
Being, as all sweet women are,  
Prudes till Love calls them, and then fierce  
In love's high calling. Thus with her ears  
She fed on love, and to her eyes  
Lent deeds of passionate emprise—  
Till at the last, the shadowy strife  
Ended, she owned herself all wife.

High mating of the mind! O love,  
Since this must be, on this she throve!  
Remember'd joy, Hypsipyle,  
Since this must be, O love, let be!

# Among my Books\*

By Frederic Harrison

## PART V

### TRAGIC DRAMA

A FRIEND, much given to "first nights," who has dipped into some of the books I have been advising him to read, now says: "Won't you tell us something about Plays; do you not want us to read Shakespeare?" Well, of course, I am as much devoted to Shakespeare as Sir Sidney Lee himself, without pretending to any special knowledge of the older dramatists, much less to any research into the life and work of our own mighty poet. But I am not so garrulous as to discourse about Shakespeare, for our most learned students and our ablest critics have now told us everything about Shakespeare which Research and Criticism can discover—perhaps everything which ever will be known or can be judged as sound and true. Years ago, indeed, I was asked if I would write a *Life* of Shakespeare for a famous series, but I thought it would be quite presumptuous in me to undertake such a task. And it has been perfectly well achieved long since.

Of course, I have read my Shakespeare since I was a boy; and my father, who had heard Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, and Edmund Kean in all the Plays then given on the stage, used to read to us Shakespeare of an evening as he had heard it played. As a young man, I carried the diamond Pickering edition in daily railway journeys to and from Lincoln's Inn. Now I have A. Treherne's miniature copies in good "Long Primer," hardly more than two inches square (Edinburgh, 1904). I find the "Arden" set (Methuen & Co.) very useful; and for general use I want nothing handier than the twelve volume set small d° (issued by Constable & Co., N.D.).

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